

The Saturday Evening Post.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

IMPROMPTU.

See a female form before my eyes,
With her fair brow upon her hand reclined,
The autumn ringlets in rude clusters lie,
As if they meant around her neck to wind.
A book is held within her left hand,
On which those deep blue eyes intently rest,
And now she sighs as if some magic wand
Had roused the sympathy her face express.
Say, is that sigh call'd forth by early love,
When the fate's wreath with cruel hand away
Two fond hearts that clasp'd were interwove,
And hope has fled, nor left her genial ray?
Ah! my deceiver, can't thou weep thus o'er
The chance of others don't a time to part,
When thy false vows a faithful bosom tore,
And don't to misery thy bleeding heart.

ORASMYN.

"GOD IS LOVE."

High on yon throne, omnipotent God,
Whose word is law—whose attributes are time;
Planets, oceans, earth crumbles at thy nod,
All things above, below, are thine;
The sea, air, all things therein,
Were made by thy Almighty power;
Thy word pronounced them free from sin,
Thy will that all should be blessed.
Creation's God, creative beings sing
In humble lays, the great Eternal laws;
We had thee, monarch—Jehovah King,
Thou only good, and Great first cause,
Thou moving orb, resplendent shine above,
You twinkling stars hide worlds from earth;
Thy all within thee own existence move—
Thy word created, and thy power gave birth.
Abdication of the land,
We see thee—here thou art in storm;
In every plant—'tis in the atom stand,
Thy breath with life doth every thing adorn.
While thou rulest on, serene, calm course
Toward the gloom of death Eternity,
Thy power gives wheels, thy will gives force,
Thy move—they live—eat—thine—three.
When crumbling worlds, in one great fabric roll
Into the regions of Eternal night,
And matter mingling with the whole,
Meets in the heart of time's departing light,
Then let the voice through crackling cinders rise,
A beacon to the soul distressed,
And show the gloom ahead up to the skies,
And find with thee—a place of rest.

SYLVAN.

THE MINSTREL.

Oh! minstrel, take thy harp again,
And tune it to a lively strain;
Such as thou erst wast wont to sing,
When gaily thou thy chords would ring;
Thy harp with flowers I'll adorn,
And with the crimson light of morn
Twill with its brightness bow and lake—
Minstrel! thy harp's long silence break.
MINSTREL.
Oh! lovely, hang no blossoms here
Of delicate young and bright and fair;
No lovely wreath I pray entwine,
To deck a gloomy harp like mine;
For like my harp they'll fade away,
Blossoms and flowers will decay;
Silent my harp must long remain,
To light no lay, or lively strain;
Grief has struck it, and a spell—
Listen—the minstrel's tale I tell.

THE MINSTREL'S TALE.

Lost of a race, whose name I tell
Have round the patriot's soul to glow,
And kindle tender love's desires,
By gentle song or matchless story.
Lost of a race, am I who fought
For rights endeared by long past sages;
Who fell in glory dearly bought,
Leaving me freedom and their blessing.
Love! no! no! no, a gentle bride,
Whose silver waves could've every sorrow;
Two boys, from whom a father's pride
Delight would reap, and comfort borrow.
But 'mid the blessings fiercely came
Red war with desolating strife;
The savage foe with sword and flame,
Robbed us of sons, and slew my wife.
With them and freedom fell forever
Every bright beam of hope and gladness,
My weaned life there's none to cheer,
I breathe no lays, save those of sadness.

LADY.

Minstrel! the smiles of joy again
Shall beam on thee—dispel thy sadness,
Once more thy harp shall sound a strain
Of cheerful music, of real gladness.
When cruel furies steal thy wife,
And when thou deem'st thy children perished,
Thy sons alarm'd, fled from the strife,
Thy boys we—found and fondly cherish'd.
They live to cheer their father's age,
And, to restore his long lost gladness;
They'll list thy stories, and assuage
Each pang that lingers round sad sadness.

MINSTREL.

Live they! oh! yes! a father's tears,
A father's heart confirms the tale;
A thousand pangs this moment cheer,
A few no more misfortune's pale.
My boys! thy smiles, those eyes proclaim,
That thou art not a victim of pain;
Yet long shall have my father's name,
Known to all his ancient line.
Lady! I cannot thank thee now,
My heart with gratitude is beating;
The smiles of joy are on my brow,
The pangs of woe are fast retreating.

These plants that but for thee had perished
Are blooming with thy tender care;
By thee, they have been fondly cherish'd,
To save a parent from despair.

Come, silent Harp! for joy has spoken,
Thy chords again I'll gladly ring;
The bitter spell of grief is broken,
Happy the minstrel now can sing.

SELM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who still nature and submit to art;
Who can the face and pearly heart;
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polished and as marble hard—Young.

Various attempts have been made by Philosophers to give a definition of the complex animal—man—and with different degrees of success, some have come nearer the truth than others, but all have left more or less room for objections—one distinguishes man as a laughing and crying animal, but monkeys can laugh and crocodiles and dogs are capable of crying. Another insists upon the exercise of reason, as the characteristic of man, but he only possesses this in a higher degree, and with the advantage of greater cultivation than other animals, many of which are known to evince reason, though instinct generally predominates. A third theorist would have us consider the gift of speech as peculiar to man, and distinguishing him from the rest of creation. But this is easily answered, for to say nothing of the many that talk without possessing, at least, without ever manifesting reason, (madmen and fools for example) we know very well that parrots can utter distinct, articulate sounds—and, if we are correctly informed, with meaning too in some instances.

There is, doubtless, much truth in each of the accounts, and there is likewise some error also. It has occurred to me that man might as well be called a *hypocritical* animal, and the definition would hold good in quite as many instances, and to quite as great extent as any of those I have quoted—I admit there are exceptions—cats are generally accounted deceitful, capable of concealing for a long time, and with the utmost precaution, their treacherous and cruel dispositions—still there is a difference between the cases—when the cat yields to the dictates of its nature it will not fail to exhibit much more of cruelty than hypocrisy, especially as it seldom, if ever, tries to conceal those whom it has sought to please—other instances might be given, but I view them in the same light.

Man is pre-eminently hypocritical, "from helpless infancy to hoary age"—this propensity "grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength." Beneath a fair exterior he often hides the blackest villainy, and under a smiling face conceals the deadliest hate.

"Tis too much proved, that with devotion's viage,
And piety's aim, we do sugar o'er
"The devil himself."

But such instances, though by far too numerous for the reputation of our kind, are nevertheless limited—hypocrisy for the most part assumes a milder form, and because its guise is more attractive and less appalling it gains greater credit and more extensive influence—It is to be found more or less in every rank, condition and class of society—among the wise, the valiant and the gay—the wealthy and the poor betray it, the lovely and the noble are not freed from it, and even the fair sex—"heaven's last, best gift to man," is not immaculate in this respect; and yet it is one of the commonest of hypocrisies in the world to hear people speak of hypocrisies as if they were confined to one class of men—the religious—and as if the term were intended merely to express deception among them—and it is really one of the most unaccountable things to see this mistake noticed.

Usage by hypocrisy according to its derivation, as signifying a concealment of real character, and an assumption of one that does not belong to us—thus including all manner of deception, for we always, in attempting to deceive, are obliged to feign a character such as will be likely to suit our purposes—and in this view hypocrisy is not only not confined to religious people, but does not even exist among them in any thing like the same extent as among some other classes, especially among gentlemen, fashionable people—and no wonder this should be the case, since their very systems of education are calculated and intended to teach hypocrisy in all its varieties.

Education, by which I mean the personal training or bringing up, including personal accomplishments and mental culture—which last, by the way, is by far the smallest part of the concern, especially among females, for the thing chiefly aimed at is to prepare them for passing easily, comfortably, and in courtly phrase, *respectably* through life, and of course, in this plan every thing which might have a different tendency is carefully avoided—Education in this sense, among such classes, instead of calling forth into exercise their good qualities and suppressing the evil, has a tendency almost the very reverse. If it does not openly encourage evil, it at least teaches the secret practice of it, and the assumption of a guise to hide that evil. Children are early taught to wear a different face as to their circumstances may seem to require—and the appearance of virtue is thought to be quite as valuable as the reality, and vastly more convenient.

It would be long enough if this dissimulation were merely tolerated, but it wears a much worse aspect when we observe that it is openly advocated and defended; and that not by obscure or unimportant men, but by the great, and in other respects, good—by men of station and influence, whose precepts, seconded by such example, are likely enough to be adopted and practised.

It is worth one's while to notice the different turns which writers on morals have given to this matter, and the strange pleas they urge to justify deception. We are told that sometimes we may take for granted that nobody is deceived, because they know, or ought to know, at least, that we don't mean to act or speak truly in the case, as in complimentary discourse, promises, protestations, and assurances of regard inexpressible, and services unhesitating and unfeigned—servants denying that their masters are at home when called upon, &c. And if people have a different opinion of us it shows their ignorance, and argues but indifferently for their persistence. Again to afford us somewhat of ease in the matter of conscience, we are gravely informed that we are not always obliged to speak or act the truth, because it sometimes happens that people have no right to know the truth—read men, footmen and waiters, for instance, among others. As we are left to judge for ourselves in the case, we have the privilege of placing in this rank of "non-entitled" whom we please—and consequently we are at liberty to tell them what we may suit ourselves—and assume what character we choose. Thus if we be not too scrupulous about particularities

we may get along with a very moderate share of truth and honesty.

But a better argument than either is, that prudence dictates that he who would prosper should conceal his designs and real opinions from all but the favoured few in whom he has the most unbounded confidence—that he should win at the expense of those who, of course, must lose—that, in short, he should look upon every man as a rogue, till assured of the contrary—a mode of reasoning somewhat singular, but certainly coming to the point with admirable precision.

This is not all—the advocates of this system of deception bring it before us in a dress still more winning. They appeal to our benevolent feelings; to our love of peace and order in society; and would persuade us that to avoid shocking the feelings of our neighbors, creating ill-will and destroying that good understanding which ought ever to prevail among peaceable and polite people, we must be deceitful—we must conceal our true sentiments, unless they happen to be very favourable to the party with whom we are immediately dealing, and then we must take care not to express the same in presence of their foes, and thus we are obliged to change the mask repeatedly—in short the whole of modern politeness is based upon this principle of deception—and yet our attachment to ceremonies and observances is, perhaps, not very likely to be weakened by a knowledge of this fact, for no one wishes to be considered ill-bred, or unacquainted with what may be expected from him. Besides, few are very solicitous to incur the risk attending candour and sincerity—as for example, the unpleasant alternative of being pointed at as a coward, or shot at like a brute beast taught for the purpose—to say nothing of horsewhipping and caning, which are themselves not the most delightful recreations.

To crown the whole, we are most solemnly assured, that if truth and honesty should ever prevail to any considerable extent, society could not be kept together, communities must be dissolved, and all the bonds of public, friendly intercourse, and domestic relationship, would inevitably be broken and destroyed—a consummation most devoutly to be deprecated!

PHILIP.

Princeton, 1826.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EDUCATION.

The happy effect education has on man, in improving his nature, has been acknowledged by all; and, few, if any, at this enlightened period, can be found who are willing to enrol themselves among the enemies of education; the advantages to be derived from it, are so obvious, as not to require any laboured process of reasoning to demonstrate them; they present themselves to the view of all; even they, who feel themselves the most deficient in this particular, do not, as in most other cases, endeavour to lessen its value, by a long enumeration of the evils and disadvantages attending it—true, an assertion has been made, as an objection, that the more refined and cultivated the minds of men become, the more deeply and acutely do the disappointments, the misfortunes, that continually assail us in our progress through life, affect them; that the wandering savage totally unacquainted with the refinements of Philosophy, or the speculative theories of men, who, though he cannot with the Metaphysician trace out the intricate windings of the human heart, and assign to each faculty its proper operation; neither with the Astronomer understand the laws by which the heavenly orbs are regulated and continued in their respective orbits; nor with the Naturalist point out the peculiar properties of every plant, but satisfied with the appearances of things, he seeks not to pry into those obscurities which, to him, appear involved in mystery and doubt, yet enjoys more real happiness than can be found among those who have enjoyed all the advantages of education and civilization; he with a stoical calmness endures the keenest misfortunes, and smiles on the sharpest evil that can befall him; void of the care and concern which the enlightened feel for the supply of their future wants, he remains cheerful and happy over the wide forest.

However plausible this reasoning seems, but little reflection is necessary to convince us, that this cannot be a serious objection. The refinement caused by education, if, indeed, it makes the mind more sensibly affected by evil, how much more does it enhance the pleasures of life; what an exquisite pleasure does the man of refinement experience even from the most minute objects in nature; a blade of grass, a quivering leaf, a twinkling atom can impart so delicate a feeling, and so refined a satisfaction as they only can know whose minds have been expanded by knowledge and improved by education; in viewing these objects, he sees ample cause for admiration, wonder and astonishment at the infinite power and unbounded wisdom of that Great Spirit, who could, in so small a compass, unite such harmony and regularity in all their parts; and, indeed, there are objects so minute, upon which the emotion of gratitude and love can be excited without the aid of reflection, without a feeling of curiosity excited, what feelings must those objects awaken upon which no one, however rude or unpolished, or destitute of reflection can look, without feelings of awe and astonishment; such as the roaring cataract dashing its angry waters over the precipice, into the gulf yawning terribly beneath—the lofty mountain rearing itself in sublimity and hiding its head, as it were, in the bosom of the clouds—the awful rumbling of the contending elements, the vivid glare of the forked lightning, seeming to enkindle the very heavens in a blaze of light—and in short, all those objects upon which nature has employed herself on a larger scale.

Education only can fill up that vacancy in the mind of man, when eye shall have overtaken him and shut him out from the enjoyment of those things which formerly interested and engaged his thoughts, in that season, the man of education truly enjoys a feast, an intellectual feast within; he need not seek the amusements which folly and vanity have established to banish reflection and care, but, shut up within himself, he can feed luxuriously on the rich mental treasures his imagination, reading, observation, and reflection, abundantly supply. A man who, in his youthful days, has not been unimpaired of this period, when trifles no longer can afford pleasure, but has laid up a rich and varied store of knowledge, truly occupies an enviable station, and unhappy are they who in that season are destitute of these enjoyments.

AMOR SAPIENTIA.

Philad. Sept. 25, 1826.

Meets Education: The varied opinions respecting the benefits of Education, induce me to ask if you will, through the medium of your paper, submit a Subscribers the subject and justly.

Philadelphia, Sept. 28.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

Being in company the other day when the conversation turned upon Dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my father, I can answer for the truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Mr. D. of K., in the county of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffith, during the winter. When spring arrived Mr. D. and three or four young gentlemen from England, (his intimates,) made parties to visit all the neighbouring places about Edinburgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig Millar, &c. &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr. D. said, "We have made a party to go fishing to Inchkeith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoken our boat; we shall be off at six." No objection being made, they separated for the night. Mrs. Griffith had not been long asleep till she screamed out in the most violently agitated manner, "The boat is sinking, sink, sink, sink them!" The Major awoke her, and said, "Were you uneasy about the fishing party?" "Oh, no," she said, "I had not once thought of it." She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again; in about another hour, she cried out in a dreadful fright, "I see the boat is going, going down." The Major again awoke her, and she said, "It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no other uneasiness about it." After some conversation they both fell sound asleep, but no rest could be obtained for her, in the most extreme agony she again screamed, "They are gone, the boat is sunk!" When the Major awoke her, she said, "Now I cannot rest; Mr. D. must not go, for I feel, should he go, I would be miserable till his return; the thought of it would almost kill me." She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping gown, went to his bed-side, for his room was next to their own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. "But what am I to say to my young friends, who wait for me at six o'clock, at six o'clock?" "With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present; consider you are an only son, under our protection, and should any thing happen to you, it would be my death." Mr. D. immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying that he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom; the survivors were heard of, but was any part of it ever seen. I often heard the story from my father, who always added, "It has not made me superstitious, but with awful gratitude, I never can forget, my life, by Providence, was saved by a Dream."

Blackwood's Magazine.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHARLES SINGLETON.

Charles Singleton was a youth of promising character and bright hopes. In his heart the germ of virtue was early made to grow, and from his tender mind every species of vice was carefully excluded. He was justly the pride of a father's heart and an object of maternal solicitude was apparently the blossom of the flower of his age, and his dress more becoming than that which envelops their shapes could have been imagined, yet their faces made ample amends, with eyes varying with infinite expression from softness to vivacity.

All the arts of ancient Greece have declined in an extreme proportion, nor should we wonder that if the superiority of beauty be unimpaired the art of adorning the person be almost lost. Yet the air of the veil, the century, and the style, afford us occasionally some slight glimpse of that exquisite taste which pervades the drapery of ancient sculpture.

Baldwin's Constantinople.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WOMEN OF SCIO.

As we walked through the town on a Sunday evening, the streets were filled with women, dancing, or sitting at the doors in groups, dressed in the fashion of the island, which is scrupulously confined to the natives. The girls have most brilliant complexions, with features regular and delicate, but one style of countenance prevails. When without a veil the head is covered by a close coil concealing the hair, excepting a few locks round their face, which are curled, and bathed in perfumed oil. The rigidity, which are so elegantly disposed round the sweet countenances of these fair children are such as Milton describes by the "hyacinthine locks," crisped and curled like the waves of the flower, and although no dress more unbecoming than that which envelops their shapes could have been imagined, yet their faces made ample amends, with eyes varying with infinite expression from softness to vivacity.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It has been frequently remarked, that nothing is calculated to give us a better knowledge of ourselves, and of mankind, than travelling.

This assertion is so self-evident, that its truth will not be questioned. A constant residence in one place often engenders prejudices, narrowness of thinking, formality and reserve; travelling dispels these, and substitutes in their place, enlarged views, liberal principles, and courtesy of manners. In other countries we may meet with a greater diversity of character, more numerous and splendid impressions of art, and mighty and interesting spectacles of departing ages, but in none is there so much to be learned, as in the study of the heart, and interest the feelings, than in ours. Our people, (I like the word,) feel as if they belonged to one great family, linked together by a community of interest, and bound by strong and holy political ties. The inhabitant of the north boasts of the beauty of our form of government, of the ennobling tendency of our institutions; of the elevated condition of our citizens, and finds a hearty response in the bosom of the inhabitant of the south. The merchant of the east speaks with grateful feelings of the commerce of the Atlantic states, yet with pleasure acknowledges, that the products of the West are its support and moving power. On essential and important political points all are of one mind. True we have (or have had) democratic federalists, true, we have a thousand varying forms of religion, but these differences of opinion, instead of dividing, tend only to enlighten and consolidate. I can conceive of no more delightful situation than to be seated in a stage coach, with intelligent men from various quarters of the union, and hear their remarks on the political, literary, and general news of the day. And then there is so much travelling done by ladies. The dear creatures, with their civility and prudence, blend so sweetly, affability of manners and kindness of accent, that I would defy any man, even the most inveterate old bachelor, to travel much without making up his mind to marry the first opportunity that might offer.

"I will start on Monday next," said I to myself one Saturday evening, fatigued by the cares of business, and tired of a succession of new and painful, "I will start on Monday next in the Pennsylvania, and pay a visit to my dear, hospitable sister, Mrs. G. Monday morning arrived, and brought with it a cloudy atmosphere, yet nothing dimmed by the appearance of the weather, I determined to adhere to my resolution. (Good news should always be adhered to.) The noble majestically parted the waves of the noble Delaware defying their seeming hostility as they presented themselves to oppose her progress. A few hours brought us safely to the destination at which place we took stages for Washington.

THE PASSENGERS WERE NOT NUMEROUS, AND

while on board the boat seemed rather reserved, and a short ride soon broke the ice, and opened a passage to the delicious waters of conversation, of intelligence, and kindness.

My companions were—as an old lady, with a beautiful black eye, which had, no doubt, done some havoc among the beaux of a former generation. Years had not dimmed its lustre, not had time chilled the pure stream of youth and tenderness, which springs spontaneously in every woman's heart. On her right was a lady whom I conjectured to be one of that abused, yet generally estimable, class of beings, called, by the world, old maids. By her was seated a young lady of a sylph-like form, and most lovely, but rather pensive countenance. She was travelling alone, a circumstance at which I was surprised, for who would not have undergone any inconvenience to escort so lovely a being, even to the end of the world? She held in her lap a flower pot, containing a rose bush, which had on it a budding bud, as sweet and solitary as herself. It seemed heavy, yet she would not resign it though I frequently solicited her to transfer the burden to me. It is, perhaps, a present from a lover, thought I, and true affection will not permit any one to handle it but herself, or she may be leaving the home of her childhood, and takes it with her as a sacred memento of distant scenes and former times, when it, like her, is far from its native strength. Her tender care of it seemed an undeniable proof of sensibility and worth. I know not why it should be so, yet I never could esteem, (I mean to a certain extent,) a female who had no particular fondness for flowers. A flower is so intimately connected with poetry and feeling—it is so like a female in delicacy of tint, fragrance, and alas! too often in its premature and early decay, that always, when I see one, I involuntarily think of the other.

Our other passengers were—an elderly gentleman, the father of the lady whom I had taken for an old maid—A merchant of New York who had been to Philadelphia on business—a tall person, about forty years of age, whom I saw down in my mind for a Scotchman, and a classical schoolmaster. My belief had nothing particular to rest upon, for he did not open his mouth, except to eat a peach, from the period when we started, until we landed at Washington. I might have adopted my supposition from a fancied resemblance of the worthy domestic Sampson, as portrayed in Guy Raffles; yet I would have staked my life on its correctness. Between him and myself was seated a boy, about twelve years of age, he hung down his head, covering his face with his hands, and evidently wished to escape observation. He did not attract my particular notice, until I heard from him, a suppressed noise. It seemed a sob. I looked and saw the tears stealing through the fingers with which he essayed to stop them. But nature would have its course, feeling had overruled his fountain and it overflowed. I little thought, thought I, he is early inured to sorrow. Perhaps he is alone in the wide world, and feels like a tender flower, which has sprung to life on a barren heath—no contiguous tree to break the violence of the storm—no kindred plant near to ward off the fury of the tempest. He may be leaving a kind mother, whose circumstances will not permit her to retain him at home; who is obliged to send him abroad, from a sense of duty to him, although it would have been almost as easy for her to part with life as with her boy. The latter conjecture proved correct. He was going to Utica to acquire a trade with a distant relative, and left a widowed mother in Philadelphia. I found him intelligent, affectionate, and most true. When I see an estimable person, young or old, I am inclined to give him parents almost the entire credit for his virtues. His mother, I am certain, must have richly deserved his affection. May be in her declining years impart a rich harvest to her care. I had seen the same boy as he could very much on leaving home, for it was also followed by another's sweet and sacred presence, but the tomb hath long since chased affection's magnet, and a lone heart hath lost half its value!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE CONVERSATION AMONG THE PASSENGERS

was varied, and instructive. It was alternately gay, and grave, witty, and solid. The ladies were animated, and the gentlemen (with the exception of the supposed Scotch tutor,) cheerful. There was a little bantering between the elderly gentleman, (a Philadelphian) and the New York merchant, on the comparative excellence of Philadelphia and New York, yet it was of such a nature as excited among us well bred people, only pleasant and jocular feelings. Our route from Bordentown to Washington, was different from the regular one. On the usual road the bridges had, the day before, been swept away by an almost unexampled inundation. Our ride was longer, in consequence, yet it was to me more interesting. Shortly after we had passed the beautiful grounds and splendid residence of Joseph Bonaparte, the rain fell in torrents. The poor driver was thoroughly soaked. For a distance of several miles the road was from ten to fifteen feet deep with rain. The storm, however, ceased long before we reached Washington. The sun shone forth brightly, as if rejoicing in his triumph, and the lately saturated ground, assumed a dry and agreeable appearance. The only object that we passed on the road, to me particularly interesting, was a school house. The master had his little pupils ranged before it, the girls on one side of the doorway, the boys on the other. The former carried as the stage passed, and the latter bowed. There was something touching in the salutation. The little urchins seemed to say, "We know you, to belong to the same family that we do, and we are pleased to see you in our part of the country." There was nothing of servility or obsequiousness in their welcome; it sprang from courtesy of feeling, prompted by goodness of heart. The smallest lad there had been taught that no one in the land possessed greater privileges, nor could aspire to higher political elevation than himself. He had been instructed that he would one day be a citizen of a mighty republic, and day be called upon to wield its inflexible destinies. In such children there could be nothing of obsequiousness, but, in their hearts, might be perceived a germ of that patriotism, which loves country and countrymen, and will peril all for their welfare. How interesting the reflection, that in their little rank might be a Washington, a Henry, a Greene, or a Franklin—might be those who in a gloomy hour would be able to vindicate their country's cause in the field, or illumine and renovate its cabinet in a moment of doubt and despondency!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WE ARRIVED AT WASHINGTON ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK, where we embarked in the steam boat Anna. We soon past New Brunswick, and after a short time, came in sight of Staten Island. The captain concluded to take the

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